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DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE. SCIENCE. EDUCATION. AND AGRICULTURE.

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EDINBURGH CASTLE.

The site on which Edinburgh, the capital city of Scotland, is built is said to be one of the most striking in Europe and the prospect obtained from the most elevated points is varied and extensive—

"Traced like a map the landscape lies
In cultured beauty stretching wide;
There Pentland's green acclivities;
There Ocean, with its azure tide;
There Arthur's Seat and gleaming through
Thy southern wing, Dunedin blue!
While in the orient, Lammer's daughters,*
A distant giant range, are seen,
North Berwick low, with cone of green,
And bass amid the waters."

The general architecture of the city is imposing, and the greater number of its public buildings distinguished by chaste designs and excellent masonry. Like Montreal it derives its stone for building from a quarry immediately outside the city, whose stone is excellent in quality and of a character so dense and non-absorbent that it retains a clean appearance for a very long time.

The remarkable resemblance between Edinburgh and Athens, which has been often remarked by travellers who have visited both capitals, has acquired for Edinburgh the title of "Modern Athens." Dr. Clarke remarks that the neighborhood of Athens is just the highlands of Scotland enriched with the splendid remains of art, and Mr. W. H. Williams observes that the distant view of Athens from the Ægean sea is extremely like that of Edinburgh from the Frith of Forth, adding, with native enthusiasm, "though certainly the latter is considerably superior."

Standing at the head of castle hill, a precipitous rock overlooking the city, is Edinburgh Castle, which doubtless formed the nucleus round which Edinburgh rose.

Its elevation is 383 feet above the sea, and in times before the invention of gunpowder must have been an impregnable fortress.

Much historical interest attaches to it. In former times it was called *Castrum Puellarum* (the camp of the maidens), as it is said the daughters of the Pictish Kings resided there before their marriage. One of the most romantic scenes in its history was on the occasion of its recovery from the English by the Earl of Moray, with thirty trusty men in 1313. The attacking party was guided by Francis, a soldier who had been accustomed to climb and descend the cliff surreptitiously to pay court to his mistress. The darkness of the night, the steepness of the precipice, the danger of discovery by the watchmen, and the slender support which they had to trust to in ascending from crag to crag, rendered the enterprise such as might have appalled the bravest spirit. When they had ascended half way they found a spot large enough to halt upon, and there sat down to recover their breath, and prepare for scaling the wall. This was done by means of a ladder, which they had brought with them. Ere all had mounted, however, the sentinels caught the alarm, raised the cry of "treason!" and the constable of the castle and others rushing to the spot made a valiant though ineffectual resistance, and the strong castle remained in the hands of the assailants.

EDINBURGH CASTLE.

One room in this castle in particular attracts much interest—the crown room in which is deposited a strong oak chest containing the insignia of Scottish royalty, a crown, a sceptre and a sword of state. The workmanship of the ancient portion of the crown betokens an antiquity as early as the 14th century, and it is supposed to have been worn by Robert Bruce. The sword of state was presented to King James IV. by the warlike Pope Julius II., in the year 1507, while the sceptre was made during the reign of James V., most probably during his visit to Paris in 1536, when preparing for his intimate alliance with France by marrying one of her princesses.

After the accession of James VI to the crown of England, the regalia, popularly called "the honors of Scotland," remained in Scotland, where they at different times passed through many adventures. During the Commonwealth, Edinburgh Castle and all the strongholds below the Forth were in the hands of the English, therefore the Scottish Parliament, on June 6th, 1651, the last day on which they sat, ordered the regalia to be transported to the castle of Dunnottar, there to be kept till further orders. But soon this castle was attacked and it became plain that it could not hold out much longer. In this emergency three ladies determined to rescue the "honors" from their peril. Lady Margaret Erskine, a daughter of the Earl of Mar and the mother of the Earl Marshal, in whose possession the regalia were, but who was a prisoner in England—in concert with the wife of the Lieutenant Ogilvy, deputy governor of the castle, and with Christain Fletcher, wife of the Rev. James Granger, minister of Kinneff, contrived a daring scheme for extricating "the honors" of Scotland from their precarious situation. In prosecution of their plan Mrs. Granger went to the castle of Dunnottar, having obtained permission of the English general to visit the Governor's lady. In her charge Mrs. Ogilvy placed the regalia. This was done without her husband's knowledge, in order that when obliged to surrender the castle he might with truth declare he knew nothing of the time or manner of their removal. Mrs. Granger concealed the crown in her lap, while the sceptre and sword wrapped in bundles of flax were placed on the back of a female domestic, and thus they were transported in safety to the manse and placed in the minister's charge.

On the surrender of the castle the disappearance of the jewels led to the imprisonment of Governor Ogilvy and his wife. Mrs. Ogilvy's health sank under close confinement; but her courage did not give way. In the spirit of the house of Douglas, to which she belonged, she exhorted her husband with her dying breath to preserve inviolable the secret entrusted to him.

The sceptre of Scotland performed its last grand legislative office by ratifying the treaty of union on January 16th, 1707. The regalia were then deposited in the great oak chest in the crown room of Edinburgh Castle. The secrecy of this act and the sudden disappearance of the regalia led to the existence of a doubt as to their really having been so deposited, so that in 1817 a committee of gentlemen, amongst whom was Sir Walter Scott, proceeded to the crown room, commanded the King's smith to open the great chest, whose keys had been lost, and found the regalia just as it had been left a hundred and ten years before.

Another curious treasure preserved in the castle is Mons Meg, a gigantic piece of artillery made in Belgium in 1476. It is made of thick iron bars hooped together, and is about twenty inches in diameter at the base. In 1682 it burst while firing a salute in honor of the Duke of York's visit. It was removed to the Tower of London in 1614, and restored to the castle in 1829 by the Duke of Wellington, on petition of Sir Walter Scott. It stands on the Bomb Battery, a point from which the finest view of Edinburgh is obtained. The inscription on the carriage on which it is mounted states that it was employed at the seige of Norham Castle in 1497.

*Lammermoor Hills.

Temperance Department.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

(From Day of Rest).

CHAPTER IV. *(Continued.)*

Presently a poor haggard wreck of a man came up, his clothes dripping with wet, and passed along the passage to the door at the farther end. Jessie moved a step or two in, gazing earnestly forward. He threw the door wide open. A huge fire was blazing in the grate; there were two large tables around which men, in all attitudes, were sitting. There was Mr. Bates, a steaming glass of dark liquor before him and untasted, for it was filled to the brim. All this Jessie saw at a glance, and with a smothered cry of joy she sprang along the passage, and in a moment was at her father's side.

'Heyday!' shouted a burly tipsy fellow. 'Where the dickens——'

'Jessie!' exclaimed her father, rising hastily, and hurrying her out of the place. 'Where—how did you come?'

'Papa, I only came,' she said, in her childish winning way. 'We wanted you at home so much. Come along, pa.'

He walked mechanically into the street without speaking. He held Jessie's hand so tightly that it pained her. After a while he said, 'Your hand is so hot, Jessie. Stop! are you wet? are your feet wet? I forgot that, my darling. You are wet through, Jessie! Why did you come?'

'It was not wet when I came out, pa. It won't hurt. We shall soon be home.'

He lifted the slight little form and carried her tenderly; but even so light a burden was almost too much for the enfeebled man. The wind had somewhat fallen, and the rain descended with a sullen decided splash on their unsheltered heads.

Mrs. Bates was in an agony. Twenty times had she reproached herself for letting Jessie out in such weather. 'She will catch her death,' was her continual plaint.

How was her heart relieved when she entered, and with her father too! 'Thank God!' she murmured while stripping off the child's outer clothing.

'Let me go to bed now, mamma,' said Jessie. 'I'm tired.'

'Very well, darling. Mary can help you while I get some dry clothes for papa to put on. I will bring you something up in a few minutes.'

It took her some time to hunt up an old change of things for Mr. Bates, for his wardrobe was lamentably scanty. Then baby had to be settled with playthings between Johnny and Freddy; so that by the time Mrs. Bates had got hot water ready for Jessie's feet, full a quarter of an hour had elapsed, and when she took it up stairs Jessie was quite asleep.

'Mary,' said Mrs. Bates, 'she ought not to have gone off without this water. She will have a dreadful cold.'

'Mamma, she was too weary to sit up another minute. I rubbed her feet well with this rough towel.'

'Perhaps that will do,' said Mrs. Bates, with a sigh and glancing anxiously at the thin, flushed face of the little girl.

It was between nine and ten o'clock. The children were all in bed except Mary, who was finishing the turning of Jessie's school cloak. Mr. Bates had taken nothing to drink since before tea; and his wife thought what a comfort to have him, nearly sober, at home that night. However, he was just getting out some coppers for Mary to fetch 'something to keep him from catching cold,' when they heard a low cry proceeding from the room where Jessie was sleeping. Mrs. Bates rose, saying 'Hush!' and the next minute the much-dreaded hoarse, thick cough startled them. 'There, she has the croup,' said Mrs. Bates, and her heart sickened with apprehension.

Mr. Bates hurried up. She was awake. 'Can I have anything, papa?' she gasped.

'Yes, darling; mamma is getting something.'

She started up in the bed, the terrible cough almost choking her. 'Try to lie down, my dear,' said her father in alarm; 'you must keep warm.' She shook her head; and her mother brought a flannel and hot water, and gave her a simple remedy which she had prepared, while Mary ran for the doctor. All their remedies seemed to be in vain. Still was the wild struggle kept up for breath; still sounded out the stubborn choking cough. The night passed away in the fight for life. An emetic was administered, which gave no relief; and with agonizing hearts the parents watched beside the bed of distressing suffering.

'What can we do, Aleck?' groaned his wife when Jessie had dropped to sleep for a moment, the quick breath rattling continuously in her throat.

'God knows!' he replied, with feelings of bitter remorse as he considered how he was the indirect cause of this trouble. 'She has got over it before, you know, Marian. We must hope for the best.' He was himself now—the kind, considerate husband, the affectionate father.

Morning dawned cold, gray, comfortless. The earth was damp from the night's storm; and the ragged, broken clouds moved steadily before a bitter east wind. 'Papa,' gasped Jessie, turning her eyes toward him with an earnest, unearthly gaze.

'Yes, my darling,' he replied.

She tried to speak, but the choking feeling in her throat prevented her, and the tears streamed down her face with the mere effort.

'What do you want to say, my pet?' said her father.

She pointed upward and nodded her head. 'Going,' she said.

'No, no, Jessie, you'll be better presently; the doctor will be here.'

She shook her head and beckoned. Her little strength was all spent; and when he stooped down as she wished, she had scarcely power to clasp her arms around his neck.

'Pa,' she whispered hoarsely, 'promise that you will—turn—over—a—new—leaf.' The words were at last got out with difficulty, and then the large blue eyes pleaded more than any words possibly could.

Mr. Bates groaned. Big, burning tears rolled slowly from beneath his closed eyelids. Jessie took his hand.

'Will you, pet?' she still pleaded.

'Oh, Jessie, don't! I'll promise anything, my darling; only be quiet.'

Still the child looked anxious and dissatisfied. Mrs. Bates stood by, weeping. 'Promise her, Aleck,' she whispered.

But he remained silent, perfectly still, save that his breast heaved laboriously. There was a mighty struggle going on within him. In a moment all the events of his past life came crowding back upon his memory. There was the happy home of his early childhood; there was the good mother speaking to her little son words of holy counsel and wisdom; there was the youth—the man—the new home—the happy wife—the gleeful children. There was the yielding to fierce temptation—the first downward step taken. There was the horror of thick darkness settling down on the once happy dwelling. Then the cast out, the going forth, branded, to wander through the world; there was the remembrance of hours of disgrace and anguish; the sinking lower, lower into the 'horrible pit and the miry clay;' there was the feeling of utter helplessness; and the man wept. He raised his head. Low, indeed, he had fallen, but life and comparative strength were still his. He looked up to the future, but it seemed dark, very dark. There were thorny paths to tread, rocky heights to climb, whose rugged outlines stood out in gloomy relief against a gloomy sky. The way looked very rough. 'Turn over a new leaf.' Ah! that involved so much. The conflict with old habits would be sharp and sanguinary; the fight would be long and desperate; the upward ascent toilsome and wearying. But, as he thought, a ray of light shot athwart the gloom and mellowed the scene. The bold rugged heights were softened down; the unsightly parts thrown into pleasant shadow; yes, that sunshine of hope revealed flowers strewn along the rough, upward pathway; and behold! the lofty summits were bathed in light ineffable. And thrilling his inmost soul, came to memory the inspired and inspiring words: 'In me is thy help.' Weary and with soiled garments, the man stood in the quagmire of degradation; but his uplifted brow was radiant with the glow caught from that sunbeam of hope, and his breast throbbed and heaved with noble, earnest aspirations. Then to the dying little one before him he answered, with husky voice,

'I will, my child!'

The clouds have rolled away. The western sky is gorgeous with blending, fading tints. Far up in the zenith the stars gleam out, pale and lustrous. Another spirit has passed within yon mystic portals.

Hush! tread softly in this shadowy little room. Angels awhile since trod its roughly-boarded floor! A child sleeps her last sweet sleep upon that lowly bed. Still the breath while gazing on the white form, the folded hands, the marble brow! Weep not over the beautiful clay—all that remains of little Jessie! She sleeps well; she has fulfilled her mission!

In that solemn eventide hush Mr. Bates sits pale and statue-like beside his dead child. There is something unnatural in his outward calmness. His eyes are red and tearless; his hands are pressed so closely together that the nails and knuckles are white as marble. Within the man, grief, yearning love, remorse, hate, determination, alternately rage and struggle. His bosom is torn with strong, conflicting emotions. He would weep, he would pray, but just now is powerless to do either; and so he keeps his silent, solitary watch, as immovable as the dead by his side. A little boy steals on tiptoe into the room. The presence of death awes him. The curly head is thrown back, and the ruby lips whisper: 'Somebody wants you, papa.'

Gone is all the nervous bitterness that has rankled in the father's bosom for so long a time in the past; gone the harsh, thoughtless manner of rebuff, and he replies: 'Who, my darling.'

'A gentleman, pa; he is waiting to see you.'

Mr. Bates left the still, quiet chamber for almost the first time that day. As he entered the "parlor," unlighted save by the street lamp which gleamed through the window, a dim figure advanced with outstretched hand to meet him.

'Bryant, I have had no rest to-day thinking of you; you must come back.'

Bates drew his tall form to its full height, and answered proudly, and withal bitterly, 'Thank you, Mr. Harris, I shall intrude no further upon your benevolence.'

As he turned his fine face—fine still though branded with his sin—toward the window, Mr. Harris was startled. It was pale and haggard; and the expression was indescribable. He perceived, too, that he was sober.

'Bryant,' said the gentleman, with delicacy of tone and feeling, 'you are suffering.'

'Not for anything that has transpired between us,' said Bates, quickly. 'I have lost a child, Mr. Harris, and the pain of separation is somewhat acute.'

'God knows it is, Bryant! I will not offer a word of sympathy which in such a case would seem burdensome and intrusive. You will allow me to be your friend?'

'Mr. Harris, you have been more than a friend to me. I and my family owe much, very much, to you. I have ever appreciated your kindness, though I have given no proof of it. I have not requited you in any single instance. I have been bound, kept down, down! No man could sink much lower. However, it is of the past, I trust. The business of my life shall be to repay the only man who has reached a helping hand to Alexander Bates in his degradation. I shall decline availing myself of your disinterested offer to return.' And he bowed haughtily.

'Alexander Bates!' echoed the astounded merchant. 'Surely you are not the architect of the——?'

'The same, sir.'

'Oh, Mr. Bates, be true to yourself! You have been bound; you have been kept down, and sorely tempted, I know. Set your face like a flint against the temptations that surround you; they will seem stronger than ever as you take your first struggling steps in the upward way. Lean upon God, Bates; lean upon Him, and may you hear his voice saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left."'

Neither spoke for a minute. Then Mr. Harris said, 'You are determined, Bates?'

'Determined! Mr. Harris, I have made promises to you again and again, and as soon as made they have been broken. I feel in no mood now to parley with any one, neither to make promises to man. But a few hours since I was ordained to stand, for the first time, by the bedside of a dying child. She was aware that I was—what it costs me a bitter effort to pronounce—a drunkard. It is useless to deny the fact. She is gone, and with her bears the vow which she entreated of, and received from me—that henceforth I would be free from the curse that has dragged us down to this, and that has been the indirect cause of her death.' His lips trembled and his eyes flashed as he added, 'And Mr. Harris, I'll fulfil that vow! so may God help me!'

And by God's help he did fulfil it.

(To be Continued).

A RUMSELLER'S STORY.

A man named Stacy, the owner of a splendid drinking saloon in New York, signed the pledge lately and closed his house. Hearing that a party of lads had formed themselves into a temperance society, he went to them and gave them his experience as a rumseller. We repeat some of his recollections for our larger audience.

"I sold liquor," said Mr. Stacy, "for eleven years—long enough for me to see the beginning and the end of its effects. I have seen a man take his first glass of liquor in my place, who afterward filled the grave of a suicide. I have seen man after man, wealthy and educated, come into my saloon, who now cannot buy his dinner. I can recall twenty customers worth from one hundred thousand to five hundred thousand dollars, who are now without money, place or friends."

He warned boys against entering saloons on any pretext. He stated that he had seen many a young fellow, member of a temperance society, come in with a friend and wait while he drank. "No, no," he would say, "I never touch it. Thanks all the same." Presently rather than seem churlish, he would take a glass of cider or harmless lemonade. "The lemonade was nothing," said the rumseller, "but I knew how it would end. The only safety, boys, for any man, no matter how strong his resolution, is outside the door of the saloon."—*Church and Home.*

THE MODERATE DRINKER.

The *Morning* tells this story of a moderate drinker: "A so called moderate drinker was once very angry with a friend who claimed that safety is alone in totally abstaining from the use of ardent spirits, and who allowed his fanatical notions to insinuate that the moderate drinker himself might then be beyond control. 'To make plain the question who is wrong,' said the temperance man, 'will you quit just one month—not to touch a drop during this time?' Said the other, 'To satisfy your mind, sir, I will, with pleasure; though I know myself, I will do as you ask, to cure overwrought ideas.' He kept his promise, but at the end of the time he came to his friend with tears in his eyes and thanked him for saving him from a drunkard's grave. Said he, 'I never knew before that I was in any sense a slave to drink, but the last month has been the fiercest battle of my life. I see now that I was almost beyond hope, and had the test come many months later, it would have been too late for me. But I have kept the pledge, and, by God's help, I will keep it for life."

"THIS IS WHY I KNOW IT."

"How is your father getting along now?" I said to a little daughter of a man formerly a drunkard, but whom, some months before, I had persuaded to sign the pledge.

"He is getting along very well," was her reply.

"Has he kept his pledge?"

"Oh, yes," she joyfully said.

"Are you sure he has?"

"Yes, sir, I am quite sure."

"How is it you are so positive on this point?" I asked.

"Why," said she, and her face was radiant with joy, "he never abuses mother any more; we have always plenty to eat; and he never takes my shoes off to pawn them for the drink now. This is why I know it, sir."—*Band of Hope Review.*

A FRIEND was asked to sign the pledge. "What for?" he asked. "In order to set a good example." "But I do set a good example—an example of moderation." "True," said the applicant, "but suppose some one seeing you drink moderately should drink to excess?" "In that case he would not be following my example." This is the most common of all objections to teetotalism, but it is just by following the example of moderate drinkers that all drinkers drunkards are made.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

CARE OF CHILDREN.

Do not hurry a baby about walking; for there is never any need to try to teach a child that which Nature will teach it in her own good time, in a much better and safer way than you can. The best thing you can do for your baby, as soon as it is old enough to move about, is to put it on the floor, on a big cushion, or blanket, or even a piece of old carpet, and let it roll and tumble and stretch to its little heart's content, just as any other young animal does when its freedom is left to it. Give it a ball, or a rag doll, or some other safe plaything to crawl about after, and you will find that its legs and arms will find plenty to do, until it is strong enough to pull itself up by a chair or table and take its first tottering steps, after which the days of rest for its mother are gone by, and there is no safety except in constant watchfulness. If you want your boy or girl to be strong, you must be very patient with their little restless movements, for every one means the growth and development of some muscle, and ought not to be checked except when really necessary.

A healthy child will begin very early in life to make various sounds, which are Nature's preparation for speech, and these sounds should not be repressed, for it is only by making such sounds that a child can learn to talk. Of course, all cries or noises which show that the child is in pain, or tired, or hungry should be attended to at once; but a healthy child will never be a very quiet one, and a certain amount of noise-making seems to be essential to proper growth and development. So don't try to keep children always still; let them shout and prattle and chatter as much as they like, just as you let them struggle and reach and kick, with their little hands and feet. It is all a part of Nature's education and the less it is interfered with the better.

The rule may be broadly laid down that none except the very simplest medicines should be given without the advice of a doctor, and that even the simple medicines should be given as seldom and in as small quantities as possible. Dosing children with this, that and the other, is by far too common a habit among all classes, but especially among the ignorant, for it is safe to say that those who know most about children give them the least medicine. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and although it may be sometimes necessary to give drugs to little children, yet in nine cases out of ten, intelligent care in the first place will prevent any such necessity. When you see that a child is really ailing, go to a doctor or some person competent to advise you, and don't meddle with medicines of which you know little or nothing, for you are pretty certain to do more harm than good.—*Hampton Tract.*

TRIMMING YOUNG APPLE TREES.

SOME HINTS ON WHAT NOT TO DO.

There is nothing so easy to do as to neglect to trim a young orchard. We know this from experience. And there is this to it; a young tree grows very fast, and, when young and thrifty, we think it can be trimmed when it gets larger; so the very work that should be done is neglected at the time when it is most necessary to have it done. A year or two goes by, and at last you find out your little tree has got the better of you. We found this out yesterday, in pruning some young trees, which, though we must confess it, ought to have been attended to in this respect a year ago, but were neglected on account of pressing work in other directions at a time when it should have been done.

Young apple trees, if set in a good, hearty soil, will grow very fast. Limbs and shoots multiply in all directions. They crowd inward upon the tree, filling all the space with foliage; and, if you look at one of these young, untrained trees, growing in a good location, you will find a dense, round head which you can hardly see through anywhere for leaves. The lower part of the top is so shaded by this thick growth on the small shoots that the leaders of the main branches stretch upward rapidly for sun and breathing room. If neglected, therefore, in the matter of thinning in the early years of the tree's life, the main limbs attain a long, upright, slender growth which gives the trees too high a head, rendering them imperfect in shape and making the gathering of the fruit a difficult matter.

Now, supposing you attempt to trim and put into proper shape a not very old tree, which for two or three years had its own way of growing; what will you do, and what will result from your doings? You will, of course, begin to thin out the top, removing all branches that grow inward, crossing each other and shutting out the sun from the interior of the tree where it is most needed. Well, having removed these superfluous limbs about to your liking, what appearance does your tree present? Why, you have three or four tall, upright-growing branches, sticking straight up out of reach, and bearing a tuft of spreading twigs at their extremities. To shorten them in is almost impossible; to let them grow is to give you an ill-shaped tree which can never be well managed or brought into compact or desirable form.

The remedy for this is an easy one, if put in use at the right time. Begin to trim and shape the heads of your young trees as soon as they begin to grow. This done, and no pruning instrument larger than a stout pocket-knife will be needed. Train a low, round, compact-shaped head to the trees, allowing no branches to grow inward or upward, but training them outward, so as to give room for sun, air, and fruit. All this may be easily managed, if taken in season; if not taken in season, your tree gets beyond your control; you spoil it in attempting to bring it into shape, and then have ever after, a tree that is an eye-sore and disappointment to you. The first method of management is the right one; therefore, the best one.—*New England Farmer.*

HINTS TO YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

BY MRS. F. M. HOWARD.

With your permission I would like to say a few words to the many brides to whom you go on your monthly visits, as they are a class to whom my heart warms, realizing so well, from my own stand-point of seven years' experience, how much a young housekeeper needs words of encouragement and assistance.

In the first place, I hope none of you need the advice, "Be content with small things to begin on," for you know that John is more than willing to do all and more than his means will warrant, and if you let him see that you are unhappy because Mrs. A. has a real sofa in her parlor while you have only a home-made one covered with turkey red calico, ten chances to one he will go off and buy you a new one, when he cannot afford it, and so on *ad libitum*, until his affairs get cramped, and business blues and possibly failure follows.

In furnishing, above all have your house home-like; there is an indescribable something which makes a room home-like or the reverse. In my own home there is nothing elegant, nor even passably nice, yet so many have said, "Why, Mrs. H, you don't know how cosy you look here!" It may be the scarlet lambrequins (home-made) over the lace curtains; the variety of pictures, not a grand one among them, or the bird cage and aquarium, or the many curiosities we have collected, but I would not change my little parlor for many a grander one I know of.

Another item of housekeeping is entertaining company. A young housekeeper naturally feels anxious to have everything in apple pie order, and her table loaded with dainties, and, if she is one of that numerous class who do their work alone, she tries and flurries herself into an embryo fit of sickness before the visit is over. My experience has been that visiting is far more enjoyable to both hostess and guests, if a plain table is set with as little flurry and hard work as possible; light bread or biscuit, butter, tea, one kind of sauce, one or, at the most, two kinds of cake, with tarts, dried beef or whatever else of the kind you can get without special preparation, is enough of a supper for any one but an epicure. I must confess that if I imagine my friends come to see me for the sake of my flesh pots, it gives me solid comfort to disappoint them. The plain meal makes less work in preparation, in clearing away, and in the after clap, washing the dishes; and last, not least, in expense to the host to whose purse many guests, lavishly entertained, become a serious drain.—*House keeper.*

HINTS ON HOUSE BUILDING.

BY EDNA.

A "handy house," how good a thing it is, yet how few we see. If we could count the needless steps that must be taken to keep such a house in order, their number would appall us. They are needless because there should be no necessity for them; it is quite as easy to build a convenient house as an inconvenient one, to save steps as to compel the taking of them. It would not cost any more to have the cistern and well pumps in the kitchen, than out doors; and what a vast saving of labor it would be; certainly a very comfortable arrangement on cold and wet days. Then, if the wood shed adjoins the kitchen, and the wood box is so adjusted as to be filled from the outside, one's sweeping would be sensibly lessened.

A small cupboard set in the wall just above the stove, to hold boxes of spices, salt and tins, cups and spoons, and all the little necessities of cookery would be another saving of weary steps. Having the bedrooms on the ground floor, as far as possible, is a labor saving plan, and one very easily carried out. A closet off each room will prove a handy thing, conducive to order as well as time saving. But some one will say, house building is not in woman's province. True; but the planning should be hers by right, since she must spend the greatest part of her life there. Yet we women are so fond of a nice spare bedroom and parlor, we will sacrifice our comfort and health to obtain them, and when secured, shut them up like tombs, burying all our prettiest furniture and knick-knacks, only to be opened on rare occasions. This is neither right nor wise; let us have comfortable houses even at the expense of parlor and spare bedroom considering the comfort of ourselves and families of quite as much consequence as that of company.—*Household.*

CULTIVATING MUSHROOMS.

The *Chicago Times* gives some simple directions for securing a good growth of mushrooms. Barn cellars in which cattle have been kept during the winter may be utilized during other seasons of the year for growing mushrooms for home use or the market. The best soil for mushrooms is made by mixing equal parts of fresh horse manure and soil that contains no seeds of weeds. The material should lie in a heap till the manure has fermented, when the mass should be made quite firm by tramping or beating. Pieces of spawn about as large as a small egg should be imbedded in the earth, two inches below the surface and a foot apart. Ten days after planting the spawn the beds should be covered two inches thick with loam or other soft earth. The spawn, which is sold in the form of bricks, can be had of almost any seedsman and may be sent by mail. Mushroom beds should be at least eight inches thick, and for convenience in working and gathering should be about four feet wide. The best temperature for growing mushrooms is fifty degrees. The beds should have water sprinkled on them from time to time, as they become dry. Mushrooms are now extensively raised in England in coal mines, while in France they are grown in caves. They do best in places nearly devoid of light. A mine, cave, or cellar is well adapted to producing mushrooms, as the air is likely to be moist, and the temperature low and not subject to change.

CARE AND TREATMENT OF HANGING BASKETS.

Hanging baskets add so much to the adornment of our homes during the summer, that I am induced to give a few plain directions for their management. In the first place get them nicely filled with suitable plants, and, presuming such is the case, do not expose them all at once to the scorching sun and drying winds. Let an old newspaper, or piece of thin cloth be pinned around each, during the very hottest part of the day, removing it at night, which after a few days shading, may be discontinued entirely. The watering of baskets is a most important point and must be done effectually and as often as necessary. Be sure the water penetrates the whole, whether it is required once a day or once a week. This must be ascertained by the appearance of the plants, and as soon as there is the least sign of wilting let them be watered. Perhaps the best and surest way is to immerse the basket in a tub of water until the air bubbles cease to rise; as long as the bubbles continue there are some spots still dry. Immersion is not necessary at every watering, but certainly once or twice a week. Some fertilizing agent must be applied at least twice a week, and the easiest applied and one of the most effectual is guano, in proportion of one teaspoonful to three gallons of water; this can be used for alternate watering with the immersions, and, I may say here, that for all liquid manuring of house plants there is nothing better than guano, used in proportion as given above. The plants in hanging baskets must be regulated and cared for, that is, the strongest growing ones must not be allowed to over run and choke the weaker ones. Take off the largest and those leaves showing any signs of decay. Pinch out the points of Coleus, Achyranthes, and other plants that are inclined to destroy the symmetry, or even take out a whole branch; remove altogether such plants that have done flowering for the season and which impede the growth of others. Urns, vases, and boxes, filled with plants, require nearly the same care and treatment, excepting that that they cannot be dipped in water; but a sharp pointed stick or thin rod of iron, thrust in the soil and reaching to the bottom in several places, by twining round and withdrawing will leave space for water to percolate through the whole.—*American Garden.*

How to Cook Oat Meal.—If possible soak the meal over night. A coffee-cup of oat meal will suffice for five or six persons for a breakfast dish. It is seldom cooked sufficiently. Let it cook an hour at least. Stir the cupful of meal gradually into boiling water; let it boil smartly at first, then set it back where it will not boil so fast. The surest way to avoid scorching is to cook it in a double kettle; then all the attention it requires is to keep water boiling in the kettle beneath. Do not forget to salt the water before putting in the oat meal—if neglected the porridge will be almost tasteless. A very appetizing and satisfying breakfast dish can be made from fried oat-meal. Cook it the day before, in the same manner as for mush, and pour it into a deep earthen dish to cool—the same as is used for moulding Indian mush for the same purpose. Have it thoroughly done, so thick as to be firm and dry when cold. Cut in thin slices, fry in butter and serve with syrup.

A Cheap Paint.—It is sometimes very desirable to obtain an inexpensive paint for out buildings and rough board fences, &c. The following method will furnish a paint as durable as most of that mixed with oil, but at a much less cost. Put into a barrel a half bushel of lime, and cover it with boiling water about five inches in depth and leave it to slake. When this has been effected, add enough water to give it the proper consistency; add also two pounds of zinc sulphate, one of common salt and half pound of alum. Colors may be added as desired; a rich cream tint is obtained by the addition of three pounds of yellow ochre; a pearl color by the addition of lamp black; Venetian red will impart a red shade, &c. The wash is to be applied, as soon as prepared, with a painter's brush.

Baked Macaroni.—Use about half a pound of macaroni, break it up in pieces, put it in boiling water and stew gently for twenty minutes; salt it a little; drain well; have ready a buttered pudding dish; place a layer of the macaroni in the bottom, then cover with grated cheese and butter until all is used up; add a wine glass of cream or milk; bake covered for half an hour; then remove the cover and brown nicely; serve it in the bake dish.

Butter-milk Cheese.—You can make delicious little cheeses by warming up buttermilk until it is quite curdled, then straining it through a bag, mixing the curd with a little cream, butter and salt, then pressing it into a small basin or cup for a few hours. It is very nice for breakfast or lunch. The best scones, teacake and plain cake are made with buttermilk instead of sweet milk or water, using a small quantity of carbonate of soda.

White paint may be best cleaned with lukewarm water, having a teacup of whiting mixed in a bucket of water. Colored paint should be cleaned with lukewarm suds, made of mild hard soap. In both cases the work should be done briskly, rinsing in pure lukewarm water immediately, after the suds, and drying quickly. Strong soap, soda, or any alkali cleanses but injures the paint.

FRIENDLESS BOB.

(From Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER I.

On a certain sunny afternoon in June, a gentleman was walking across a common, enjoying the blue sky flecked with fleecy white clouds, the thick short grass on which he trod, and a distant line of sparkling silver which sent toward him invigorating sea-breezes. He lifted his hat to receive them on a pale, somewhat weary brow, and inhaled deep draughts of the pure air. He looked unused to such delight, as indeed he was; and this was his last walk. He was a city missionary, who, after a brief visit to this quiet watering-place, was now on his way to the station, to return to his work, and exchange the sound of breaking waves and screaming sea-birds, the sight of azure sea and sky, golden sands and green grass, and the breathing of the fresh country air, for the stifling noisy courts of East London, with their sights of misery and sin on every side. It was his duty, and he loved it; but nevertheless he left with keen regret the little spot in which he had rested, regaining health and spirits.

Nor had he been idle here. Many were the messages from his Master he had been able to give during his stay, for he never lost an opportunity of sowing the good seed, and every man, woman, or child with whom he had come in contact had received some word of pity, encouragement, warning, or reproof.

But there was one more good deed for him to perform, before the train whirled him back to the smoky city; one more life to influence.

Lying flat on the common, with his feet in the air and his face buried in the fragrant grass, displaying a ragged coat, a pair of bare heels, and the back of a curly head, lay a boy, and near him browsed an equally ragged-looking, little, underfed donkey. Now Mr. Allen was very fond of boys, and also of donkeys, and he thought he knew all the donkey-boys in the place; so, after glancing at his watch, and finding that he had ten minutes to spare, he stopped and said, "Halloo!" But the scowling little face, begrimmed with dirt, that looked up was that of a stranger: the dirt was nothing new, but the scowl was, for boys usually took to him; the donkey, too, to whom he extended a friendly hand, put back his ears, showing a suspicion of human beings which told its own tale.

"What are you doing here, my lad?" asked the gentleman.

"Nothin," replied the boy, staring with a pair of open blue eyes.

"So it seems. What is your name?"

"Bob."

"Bob who?"

"Don't know."

"Who are your friends?"

"I ain't got any friends," said Bob, sitting up and looking more confidential.

"But whom do you live with?"

"I lives with an old woman named Brown, who says she's my granny; but I don't believe a bit of it. Anyhow, *she* ain't no friend."

"And where does she live? I don't know. And where were you when I had all the donkey-boys to tea?"

POOR BOB SPENDS THE NIGHT IN THE STABLE WITH HIS DONKEY.

"We don't live 'ere, but three miles off t'other side of the common; but I come over to bring coal or wood, or to get seaweed."

"And you have *no* friends, poor Bob?"

"No, none, I 'ad Jack once, but 'e's dead," and the blue eyes filled with tears.

"Your brother?"

"No; a chap that lived next door."

"Is the donkey yours, Bob?"

"Yes."

"You don't beat him with this great stick, I hope," said Mr. Allen, taking it up.

"Yes, 'Jerry's' a bad un to go."

"Poor little fellow! he doesn't look as if he had much to eat, and he's very small; and what a pretty head and patient eyes! I wouldn't beat you if you were mine, Jerry."

"Oh yes, you would, sir; why, every one beats their donkeys."

"No, indeed, Bob; only cruel people, who don't deserve to have them. Now look here my little man, I've only two minutes more left before I catch the train, and I want to say something to you first, so listen. My advice to you is to make a friend of Jerry; don't beat him but treat him kindly and love him, and God, who made him and you, will be your friend too, and so will humane people, and you will no longer be a lonely, friendless boy. Here is sixpence, and twopence of it is for Jerry, remember. Buy him some little treat, and spend the rest for yourself, and don't forget my words. Good-bye, Bob." And off he ran to make up for lost time, while Bob sat staring alternately at the retreating figure, the sixpence lying on his little dirty palm, and the donkey.

It took Bob some time to get a new idea into his head, and these were very new ideas to him. In the out-of-the-way village in which he lived, kindness to animals had not been heard so much of as happily it has been in many places. Moreover, this was some few years ago. Poor Bob was a very neglected boy: his parents had died when he was a baby, and the old woman who called herself his grandmother certainly did not treat him as a grandson, for she beat him till he grew strong enough to get away from her, and then she half-starved him, and sometimes kept him out of doors all night.

She was a miserable old woman herself, and whenever she could get a little money by washing or mending, she spent it in drink, so the boy's home was not much of a home for him. He had grown to the age of ten without any education except that he had learned to read a little from a boy who lived near; this was Jack, a crippled lad, whose death had been an additional misfortune to poor Bob. Mrs. Brown made him work as soon as he was old enough, and this the boy was willing to do, for it took him away from the wretched hovel where he was allowed to eat and sleep when the old woman was not tipsy and in tolerably good-humor. A small donkey and cart had been procured, and now Bob's earnings were expected not only to pay for the keep of the former, but if he did not bring home something for his own lodging too, he met with but scant welcome. Jerry had a dilapidated little outhouse, in which he patiently dwelt when not hard at work drawing coals, or wood, or stones, or anything else his master could get to fill his cart, and make a few pence by conveying. Bob had by this time got used to a life of much work, little pleasure, plenty of hard words and blows, and often empty stomach, and a general feeling that nobody cared for him and he cared for nobody.

Whether Jerry had also got used to his hard life and absence of kind words or looks, it is impossible to say. He kept his feelings to himself, and Bob never once thought of them. Indeed, I fear that when sent out breakfastless in the morning, with the words, "Be off, you and your brute," the poor brute would suffer for the soreness of Bob's heart, and a little ill-temper with it: not that he was naturally an ill-tempered boy. Of all his errands he preferred being sent to the seaside, across the common that divided the two villages, for when his cart was emptied of its load, he would take Jerry out and let him feed, while he himself found entertainment in watching the ships and little fishing boats, resolving that some

day he would run off to sea, while he munched a bit of bread and cheese which had been thrown into the cart for his dinner. He was in no hurry to go home, and when he was tired of his thoughts, he would go to sleep on the grass, as he had done to-day.

We left him rubbing his curly head, and trying to take into it what the missionary had said. He was a very kind gentleman, that was certain; and there was the sixpence! No one had ever given him sixpence before, and part of it was for Jerry. He got up presently and walked up to the donkey, and stood looking at him.

"Well, old fellow," he said aloud, "so I've to buy you a treat. Wonder what you'd like. Don't expect you'd care for tarts, that's what I shall go in for; carrots are more in *your* line. And I say, Jerry, you've got to be my friend; that's a rum go. And that chap says you are pretty. Well," he continued, putting his head on one side, critically, "I don't know but what you've got good eyes, and you'd look better if I were to groom you a bit. And I suppose I must if we're to be friends. Rum chap, that, but a good un, and no mistake. S'pose I try his dodge; it'll be larks for you, Jerry—no stick, eh, old fellow? But I don't believe you'll go without it."

As if to contradict these last words, Jerry looked up at his master with his mild expressive eyes, and Bob put out his hand to stroke him. And in all the course of their life together this had never been done before. It was no wonder that poor Jerry started and turned away his head; but when he felt, instead of the usual cuff or tug at his bridle, that his ears were being gently rubbed, while "Poor old fellow" was substituted for the continual "Come up," shouted as if he were deaf, he felt a new and comfortable sensation, and stood quietly, even moving his head toward the caressing hand when it stopped the rubbing.

"So you like it—do you, old boy?" said Bob, who felt a sensation of pleasure to which he had been long a stranger; it was the pleasure of giving pleasure.

Altogether Bob walked away that sunny afternoon without his usual aspect of sulky indifference.

This day had been very different from one of his blank monotonous days; a new interest and excitement had come into his life, and there was the sixpence to spend! He laid it out on four stale tarts which he got for a halfpenny each, twopennyworth of carrots for Jerry, a pennyworth of peppermint-rock, and he put back the remaining penny in his pocket with much satisfaction, feeling that he had made a very sensible investment, and that the "rum" gentleman would have approved of it. And so they trudged home along the dusty road—Bob eating his tarts slowly to make them last, and encouraging Jerry now and then with a bit of carrot, which it is to be presumed he greatly preferred to a stick. It was a pleasant walk, but, alas! it came to an unfortunate termination, and the day begun so propitiously ended in bitter tears.

As soon as the boy and cart arrived at Mrs. Brown's cottage, she appeared at the door, and with the sight of her face there flashed into Bob's mind the unpleasant fact that he had entirely forgotten one errand which the old woman had given that morning. It was no use going back even if it had been possible, for the shops would be shut, and he turned cold with dismay.

"Now then, boy, look alive," she cried in a harsh voice—"you're late enough without dawdling. Where's my snuff?"

Bob considered if it would be of any use to say there wasn't any at the shop; the lie would not at all have troubled him; but knowing she wouldn't believe him, he concluded to speak the truth,

"A gentleman talked to me, granny, and I forgot all about it."

"Forgot it, you good-for-nothing, idle young scamp?" screamed the angry woman. "I'll teach you to forget your poor grandmother's little comfort, you bad, ungrateful boy. Don't tell me no lies about gentlemen. As if a gentleman would look at the likes of you!"

"It's true," whimpered Bob, shrinking back as she approached him.

"Hold your tongue! Do you think I'm so foolish as to believe your nonsense? What's this in the cart—carrots? You stole 'em, I'll be bound. Here give 'em to me. And now get away; not a bit of supper shall you have to-night, you or your donkey either. A pair of useless, lazy critturs, you can keep each other company. I ain't a-goin' to let you in to-night, so there!" And she retreated into the house and fastened the door.

Bob slowly led Jerry into his so-called stable, feeling more miserable than he had done for many a day. After the glimpse of happiness that had come to him, and the few kind words which had warmed and cheered his heart, the old harshness and cruelty seemed somehow harder to bear; his first sensation of remorse at having forgotten his errand had vanished under the injustice of the punishment.

"You've had some of your carrots, Jerry, that's one comfort, and I've one more in my pocket; here, old fellow, its all you'll get. I wish you and I could go away somewhere. That chap as talked about my getting friends, don't know what granny is."

The donkey might or might not understand anything of what had occurred, but he quite understood the difference between petting and scolding, and he showed it by rubbing his head affectionately against his master's shoulder. Bob on his part displayed his appreciation of this caress by laying his head down on the beast's rough side and bursting into a flood of tears, which relieved him; and together the friends, for such they had already become, spent the night—the boy sleeping soundly, in spite of his troubles, on the straw by Jerry's side.

(To be continued.

A SINGULAR STAR FISH.

THE MOST SINGULAR OF ALL THE STAR FISHES.

The most singular of all the star fishes is the splendid *Astrophyton*. Its centre is not unlike the gorgeous appearance of a Chinese wheel; but what a curious tie of twisting and twining tentacles!

From the central disk five stout arms branch out, which are subdivided at once, and these again in turn; and so on continuously until more than eighty thousand branches are formed, puzzling the eye to search out the mass of ramifications. All these tentacles are extremely flexible, and are generally kept wreathing and twisting; but when the animal chooses they can be so closely drawn up as to give the shape of a globular basket; hence the creature is often called by the fishermen the *Sea-basket*. By stretching out this mass of long tentacles the animal forms a large net, by means of which it makes its captures and holds the victim to its mouth.

"I SERVE!"

More than five hundred years ago the great battle of Crecy was fought by the English and the French. An old king came from Germany to help the French. He was very brave, and as he was so blind that he could not see anything, he had the bridle of his horse tied to the horse of a soldier on either side, and so was led into the battle. The English conquered, and this old King John was killed. The Prince of Wales, the son of the King of England, was only fifteen years old, but he fought very bravely. When King John fell, this young prince took the motto of the old man for his own. It was of two words, in German, which mean, "I serve." The Princes of Wales keep this motto to this day. Does it not seem as if it would have been more natural for a king's son to take "I rule" for a motto?

With what spirit did Christ, himself the King of kings, come into this world? For thirty years, long after he was a man grown, he served his father and mother, quietly doing his work at home. Then, the three years that he went about preaching, did he appear like a king? No, he had no home, but went from place to place, teaching men to be humble. "And whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant." Once, you remember, he took water and washed his disciples' feet! He taught that it was better to be the servant of God than the king of men.—*S. S. Messenger.*

Dr. Bell relates that a blind girl, residing in France, had for many years perused an embossed Bible with her fingers, but, becoming partially paralyzed, the sense of touch in her fingers was lost. Her agony of mind at this deprivation was great, and in a moment of despair she took up her Bible, bent down her head and kissed the open leaf by way, as she supposed, of a last farewell. In the act of doing so, to her great surprise and sudden joy, she felt the letters distinctly with her lips, "and from that day," he adds, "this poor child has thus been reading the book, which is her one great comfort."

By love's delightful influence all the injuries of the world are alienated, the bitter cup of affliction is sweetened, and fragrant flowers are strewn along the most thorny path of life.

The Family Circle.

FAITH IN SORROW.

The prophet's servant questioned her
About her home—her child;
Alas! the storm had swept that home
With desolation wild.

Say, is it well? O Shunamite—
Well with thy home and thee?
Well with thy husband and the child?
What canst thou answer me?

She bowed her head; the tears rained down;
Who can her anguish tell?
Love falters . . . but her faith prevails;
She answers, "It is well!"

The staff, the servant, went before;
Vain till the Master's might
With living contact waked the dead,
And turned that gloom to light!

O darkened home! O gladdened heart!
By Shunam's sacred rill,
Of resurrection and of life
Ye speak to mourners still.

Our children are Thy gifts, O God!
How dear, our hearts can tell;
But dearest when beside their bier
We answer, "It is well!"
—*By. of Ossory.*

OUR WORKING AND SAVING.

BY MRS. WIGLEY, AUTHOR OF "OUR HOME WORK," &c.

"I've heard say," grandad would remark, "that in every hive we must expect to find some drones." I think it would puzzle a premier to find any in ours.

I do not think you would ever have entered our home at any time and found a single individual doing nothing. Mother trained us to employ ourselves at something from our very earliest years. I have often heard her say, "How can you expect children to be good and happy if they have nothing to do?" And she certainly never left us with idle hands to be employed in the "mischief still," which Dr. Watts wrote about.

The lads as well as the lasses were appointed certain duties to be performed at regular times; and each one was led to feel that it was not "work for mother," but "my very own duty," that we were required to do. I am sure this feeling bound us all more closely in one blessed family union. We shared the responsibility and the sorrow just as we shared the gains and the pleasure.

"It is my week to do garden work." "It is my turn to bring in coal and wood." "This is my errand week." These were common expressions among us; and when all else was done, for the lads to go to father in the shop and there learn, by theory and by practice, what the different tools were for or for the lasses to help mother in any very particular job, this was all the reward we wished for.

I remember well the bright winter day when it first dawned upon me that things were rather different in other households.

Mrs. Evans, the blacksmith's wife, had come in to speak to mother, and had found us, as usual, very busy. Wilfred was making a net to cover the cherry-tree; I was painting; Jessie was knitting stockings; Jack was cutting a stick into chips; and Kitty was doll-dressing. All of us were singing one of our part-songs, joining in or stopping as our work permitted us.

"It does one good to come into your house," said our neighbor; "I have just been into Mrs. Price's and all her chicken daisies are pecking and sparring as though they were from five different broods. I heard quite a quarrel about who ought to put some coal on the fire, and one child actually cried because they always 'put it upon her,' she said. Now here are your children as busy as bees and as merry as crickets. I do believe the more you give them to do the better they like it. What are you about, Master John—making litters?"

"No," said Jack, stoutly; "I am making some little chips for the fire to burn up quick in the morning. Mother wants them ever so badly."

"Yes," said my mother, smiling; "Jacky has got a nice new knife, and he likes best to use it just now: and as I am very glad to get some thin kindling wood, he is cutting up some sticks for me."

"Ah!" said grandad, striking Jack's head, "better whittle a stick than do nothing, sonny."

It must have cost my mother some thought while we were all little ones always to have at hand a change of employment for our spare moments, yet she was seldom at a loss. Pictures to paint, drawings to copy, letters to cut out of handbills "to make new words with," a rhyme to write out—always something to do for each one of us, and always some little shelf or drawer or box where we could keep our individual performances together until they were completed.

But the charm of all such employment was that it had an object at its finish apart from ourselves—it was always for some one else. If it was only the cutting of a stick, as in Jack's case, some one was to be benefited by the cutting. It was of some use to take pains with our picture-painting or our drawing when they were destined to an honorable position in the wonderful new scrap-book Jessie was making for such and such a little sick child, who had no playthings. And the hemming of a duster was an important matter, though it was old, if Ellen Green would find it so very useful. There was scarcely a house in our village, in which there were children or old people, where we had not been encouraged to make our little offerings.

And so we grew older, with an invaluable habit formed in us. We should have felt uncomfortable without an occupation for our leisure time. We chose for ourselves that kind of work in which we had most skill, or from which we derived most pleasure; and we turned to it with a relish whenever our lessons or our home duties left us at liberty to do so. There was no such thing in our house as listlessness or languor—all were bright, fresh, earnest, and occupied.

"Mother," said Kitty, one day, "I don't think Jack is well; he left off rigging his ship twice, and yawned such a big yawn, and it isn't nearly bedtime."

Kitty's words told a story to any one who understood it. We kept our yawns till it was sleepy time.

But besides this kind of work, we were encouraged, as soon as we were able, to undertake that by which we could earn something. I mentioned my little water-color flowers; the sale of these brought me in at times by no means insignificant little sum, especially when I got an order to color some of the flower-wreathed texts for framing, or the choice verses of hymns.

Wilfred was quite a village accountant before he left home, for he had the care of two sets of tradesmen's books; certainly not very large concerns, but enough to keep him in practice, to bring him in a little as earnings, and to teach him something of money value. I am afraid we lads quite monopolized all the skill and handiwork of our sisters. Now and then, when there was an extra amount of fine work to be done at the Hall, mother would be asked to assist with a little of it, and then Jessie helped her; but as a rule all this time and cleverness was in requisition for the mending and making, knitting and darning, necessary for our comfort and tidiness.

But we had all things in common as regards our gettings. If any particular work was appropriated by any one of us as "mine," the little earnings accruing therefrom were always "ours."

There had been a fund in my father's name in the savings bank before my parents married. It had been sometimes lessened and sometimes increased, according to our abundance or our need, but it had never been drained dry.

My Uncle Josy had sometimes tried to persuade my father to invest in some grand concern or other, which paid "nearly twice as much interest," but my father always steadily refused to do so. "It is worth a good deal to feel it is safe," he would say; "and there are very few ways of investing without risk."

Our parents had no secrets from us. As soon as we were old enough we were admitted to "the committee of ways and means," as father called it. Our wants were all supplied; we had good wholesome food and comfortable clothing, and we were so united and happy at home that we did not wish for enjoyment elsewhere. We knew that if any extra expenditure was necessary to secure the welfare of any of us, the little fund would be dipped into without hesitation or regret.

My father had inherited his business from his uncle, with the house, shop, and garden, subject, however, to the condition that he paid his aunt £20 a year for her life. So that though it was his own, he had to pay out of it a sum equivalent to its value instead of rent. It was not a large business; employment for himself, one man, and an apprentice, was all it furnished; and I have heard him say that the profits were never more than £2 10s. per week, and very many mechanics in our towns get higher wages.

This fact will make it plain that our joint savings were never likely to become a large fortune. Indeed, it seemed to me that as soon as the money in the funds exceeded £100, my parents directly felt at liberty to spend a little extra; but I shall speak of this by-and-by.

As I said before, we lived very regularly, simply and happily. We had no expensive habits; there were no smokers and no drinkers among us. We had never tasted alcoholic beverages; they would have been nauseous to our palate if they had been forced upon us; and our dear old grandad would not allow us to be kept in ignorance of the enormous waste of capital entailed in the purchase of such things.

"I am seventy-seven years old, Jack," he said one day. "Now, supposing I had allowed myself a pint of sixpenny ale every day since I was eighteen years old, how much should I have spent?"

Jack was busy awhile, and then answered, £280 14s. 10d., grandpa."

"Ay," said grandad, "and sixpenny-worth of tobacco in the week would make it something more, I dare believe."

"And yet," the old man continued, "there are very many men who take six or eight times that quantity every day. I knew a man once who regularly took four quarts of ale every day for years and years, and at last spirits when he could get them. Such a man in a lifetime like mine would pour down his throat more than £2,000! That's where our poor men's fortunes go to."—*Cottager and Artisan.*

SPEAK THE TRUTH.

An aged friend relates the following story of her own early life. It may serve to fix in the mind of others the importance of keeping a strict watch on the lips, "lest they sin with the tongue."

I was the oldest of my mother's children, and her only daughter. My father was not a strong man, having been injured by an accident in the factory where he was employed, and received small wages, for his duties were necessarily light. Indeed, I had reason in after years to know that it was only from motives of charity that he was retained in this position. My mother was not a robust woman, but with my help succeeded in doing the necessary work for the family. From the time I was seven years old I could nurse and amuse the baby, and until I was fourteen there was always a baby in our house. About that time our little Willie sickened and died.

We were poor, father's wages being only sufficient to pay the rent and put the plainest food in our mouths. Had it not been for the kindness of a family in the neighborhood we should have suffered for clothing. I attended a Sunday-school near by, and it was there that Mrs. Wilson made my acquaintance. She had been appointed to visit us and enquire into our need, that we might be fitted with clothing for the winter by the church society.

Mother most gratefully accepted this assistance, and from that time we were decently clothed, Mrs. Wilson adding to the other gifts many comfortable garments that had been laid aside by her own family.

I had grown tall and could look over mother's head. Some of the ladies suggested that as there was not now so great a need of my remaining at home it would be well for me to go out to service and learn to earn my own living. I thought this a most cruel suggestion, and cried most bitterly at the thought of leaving home and mother. But when Mrs. Wilson offered to take me into her family as under nurse, my tears were soon dried. I had often seen the inside of the pretty nursery, when I had been sent for a parcel of clothing, but to be allowed to have a near view and even to handle those toys and books seemed to me a wonderful privilege.

In a few days I entered upon my duties as nursery maid, with more experience than most girls of my age could have brought, for dear mother had trained me to be careful and obedient, as well as gentle and obliging to the little ones.

Mrs. Wilson was well satisfied and it was with a proud heart I carried to mother my first month's wages, insisting that it should be spent for herself.

But, alas, while all seemed to be moving on so well, I was laying a snare for my feet. I saw but little of the other servants in the house except at meal times. At first I was under almost too much restraint to eat, and made no reply to the cook's remark, "that I really began to show my keeping, and would be quite a respectable looking girl when my bones were better covered." After a time, however, my timidity wore off and one day when these remarks were especially aggravating (for she was impressing upon me the fact, that plum-pudding was only cook in the land. Not a word was said in reply. I ate my pudding hastily, quite conscious that I had made a false assertion, but trying in my mind to excuse myself, for was it not very aggravating to be continually reminded of the poverty from which I was now trying to rise?

I should be ashamed to tell, even if I could now remember, all the falsehoods which from time to time fell from my lips. Foolish lies, framed in my folly and ignorance to impress the servants with the idea that I was of different family and connections than they had supposed, even telling of the handsome dresses which I had left at home, because they were too fine to wear at service.

Several weeks after I went as usual to visit my parents. I was grieved to find them in great trouble. Father had been discharged from his place the evening before. No reason had been assigned, the paymaster merely informing him, as he gave him his wages, that his services were no longer required. I could not speak a word of comfort, the loss of father's place was to us a crushing blow, next to his death the greatest blow that could befall us. He seemed all broken down, said he could bear it better if it had not come upon him so suddenly. Having been injured in the factory, he had supposed he would be retained in his position for life; indeed such an intimation had been given to him by his employer.

Mother talked hopefully; she said, "God will not desert us; we must trust in him. It may be there is some mistake, something that can be explained. You must go to-morrow and talk to the gentleman, tell him of your little family, of our great need; he has always been so kind to us that I am sure he will listen to you."

I returned to my place with a heavy heart. I had intended to spend my month's wages for a bright new dress and a spring bonnet. I had an idea that I only needed fine clothes to command the admiration and respect of my fellow-servants. Now I must give all to mother, and wear the old faded things. My heart was full of murmuring; in my selfishness I thought more of the loss of my finery than of the calamity that had befallen my parents.

Mrs. Wilson told me it was a time of great business depression, that hundreds of men were out of employment, yet she was greatly surprised that my father should be among the first to be discharged from this factory. Mr. Wilson kindly offered to enquire into the matter and use his influence to have him reinstated or to help him to find some other employment.

Years have passed, and I have had my share of trouble, but never have I suffered such mortification as I felt that evening when I was made to understand that my foolish falsehoods had been repeated and had reached the ears of my father's employer. Indignant to learn that the man whom he had retained from kindness, and who had always represented himself as depending upon his small wages, should be in possession of an income sufficient to supply his large family with luxuries quite unsuitable to their station, he had immediately discharged him. Mr. Wilson assured him that he had been entirely misinformed, and father returned to his work the next day.

But the Lord can bring good even out of

evil. Up to this time I had imagined myself to be rather a good sort of a girl: attentive, obedient and faithful in my duties. The revelation that now came to me of my sinfulness, of the envy, falsehood and selfishness that filled my heart, overwhelmed me with shame. I fell upon my knees and prayed the prayer of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Humbled and, penitent I went to the Saviour, and he gave me peace. From this sad chapter of my early life I learned the importance of speaking the truth at all times. I learned to pray in the words of the Psalmist, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."—*Standard.*

MANNISHNESS AND MANLINESS.

BY ROY ROBBINS.

As soon as a boy begins to be a boy, he begins to imitate the men around him. And that is all right; it is the only way he has of ever becoming a man himself. But, oh! what mistakes some boys make about it.

Boys are all anxious to imitate the pleasures of men. They want to ride a horse like a man, shoot a gun like a man and dress like a man. And even this would not be so bad, but many boys have a dreadful propensity for copying the frivolities and vices of men. They wish to smoke and chew tobacco like a man, to drink liquor like a man, to swear like a man, to fight like a man, to sit up late at night like a man, to swagger and bluster like a man, to read vile books like a man, to be obscene in conversation like a man, and, in short, to copy everything from men that is easy to copy, and that will be a curse after it is copied. And this is what is called mannishness.

Then there are some boys who delight in copying the noble traits and actions of the men around them. They are ambitious to be as brave as a man at a fire or in a battle, to be as cool as a man in the midst of danger and excitement, to show the fortitude of a man in enduring great physical pain, to have as much physical strength as a man, to run as fast as a man, to do as much business as a man and be as shrewd in a bargain as a man, to write like a man, and speak as correctly and as wisely as a man, and, in short, to copy everything from men that is noble and useful. And this is what is called manliness.

And, oh! what a difference there is between the fruits of mannishness and manliness in boys. The mannish boy develops very soon into a fop, or a drunkard, or a loafer, or perhaps a thief. He is fortunate, indeed, if he retains his reputation, his purse, his employment, his liberty, or his life, to the years of mature manhood. He has a good start on the road to ruin for body and soul, for time and eternity. But the manly boy can confidently count on an opposite career. He will grow every day in the confidence and esteem of his superiors, he will be promoted in business, he will enjoy good health and long life, and when he is dead his very memory will be fragrant and blessed.

Various means of preventing mannishness may be recommended to boys. Among others, let them keep as much as possible in the company of their own fathers, and of other good and true men. Let them give earnest heed to what their elders and superiors admire and condemn in boys. And, above all things, let them studiously avoid the company of mannish boys. Mannishness is very contagious, and every manly boy should avoid a mannish boy as he would the pest.—*Church and Home.*

CHANCE OR PROVIDENCE.

Not long ago I entered a room where sat one of my school-mates, and around her were collected a bevy of young ladies, twittering and chattering like a small flock of blackbirds. In her hand she held a curious little piece of mechanism, whose top rested against her teeth. My curiosity was excited to know why they were all so merry, and on enquiry I was informed that Annie, who had been deaf for a number of years, had just been presented with this curious little piece of work, called the autiphone. Could you have seen her face light up as she listened to the lively conversation of her mates, and their laughter as she exclaimed, "Don't talk so loud, girls," you would have said surely some great blessing had fallen upon this young girl, who had been deprived of so many of the beautiful sounds which delight the ear, and been confined to the companionship of the clumsy-looking ear-trumpet.

I watched them for a few moments, when Annie bade them good-by and tripped lightly across the street, with her new-found treasure, and as I followed her through the door I thought, "What a happy child!—as happy as the imprisoned bird when he gains his freedom and can once more join his notes with those of the others."

As I sauntered down the street my thoughts kept time with the tap-tap of the hurrying feet, as they passed and repassed, each one intent upon his own mission. I began to question whether we ought ever to say that such or such an invention was chanced upon. No! I believe we should not use the word, or its synonym, luck! I believe that an overruling Power guides us when least we expect to be led, and our hearts should offer thanksgiving to Him for the leading. It was not "chance" which led Richard Rhodes to discover that sounds could be conveyed to the auditory nerve through the medium of the teeth. I believe his hand to have been guided by something besides "chance" when he placed the watch between his teeth, after fruitless endeavors to hear its tick. I believe it was an overruling Power which sent this blessing, as a gush of sunshine, that it might penetrate into the lives of the unfortunate deaf and dumb, who have groped along in this beautiful world, gazing on all its grandeur, yet deprived of hearing or conveying ideas to their fellow-beings.—*Christian at Work.*

THE DAY OF TROUBLE.

It was a day of trouble to Ethel Burton! She had to mind baby all the evening, and he was so cross and fractious that she could not manage to get a quiet moment. All her next day's lessons were unlearnt, and she knew the hour of nine was fast approaching, when her father's inexorable law sentenced her to bed. What should she do? Would baby Willie never close those wide-open eyes and let her little weary arms rest, and those haunting lessons be learnt? Impatient thoughts crowded into her heart, and cross words upon her lips; but like an echo in her heart sounded her morning's text, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me."

"But surely," she said to herself, "that means big troubles; it means when people are sick and die, or when something dreadful happens. Would Jesus call my lessons a day of trouble, and may I really ask Him to help me?" Again came the cheering thought, "It is a trouble to me, and He has promised to help me; I will just tell Him all about it." And so she lifted up her heart, for she could not kneel, and just prayed this little prayer: "Oh, dear Lord Jesus, I am so troubled! Baby won't sleep, and I have no time to learn my lessons for to-morrow if he doesn't—do make him, please, and help me in my trouble, as Thou hast promised;" and, as the Lord Jesus always hears prayer and does what He says, no sooner did she recommence her walk with Willie in her arms than she saw the eyelids drooping heavily, heard the soft low baby-breath deepening, and knew that at last Willie was asleep and she was free. The lessons never seemed so easy as on that night; French verbs resolved themselves into right tenses like magic, and, to her great astonishment, father popped his head in to say that, as baby had been so troublesome, Ethel might for once be allowed an extra half-hour to learn her lessons. She realized indeed how fully the Lord had delivered her from her little trouble, and thanked Him for it. Ethel did not like to go to school with lessons unprepared or carelessly learnt, for she was a little Christian, and loved to honor her Master by attention to every duty, and could not have borne that one of His professed followers should have been seen often in disgrace, or known as an idle girl in the school.

HOW QUARRELS BEGIN.

"I wish that pony was mine," said a little boy at the window, looking down the road.

"What would you do with him?" asked his brother.

"Ride him; that's what I'd do."

"All day long?"

"Yes, from morning till night."

"You'd have to let me ride him sometimes."

"Why would I? You'd have no right to him if he was mine."

"Father would make you let me have him a part of the time."

"No, he wouldn't!"

"My child'ren," said the mother, who now saw that they were beginning to get angry with each other, "let me tell you of a quarrel between two boys no bigger nor older than you are. They were going along a road, talking in a pleasant way, when one of them said:

"'I wish I had all the pasture-land in the world.' 'And I wish I had all the cattle in the world,' said the other. 'What would you do then?' asked his friend. 'Why, I would turn them into your pasture-land.' 'No you wouldn't,' was the reply. 'Yes, I would.' 'But I wouldn't let you. You shouldn't do it.' 'I should.' 'You shan't.' 'I will.' And with that they seized and pounded each other like two silly wicked boys as they were."

The children laughed, but their mother said: "You see in what trifles quarrels often begin."—*Exchange.*

THE ERRAND BOY.

Some years ago a poor boy came to London in search of a situation as errand boy; he made many unsuccessful applications, and was on the eve of returning to his parents, when a gentleman, liking his appearance, took him into his service. He so conducted himself during his apprenticeship as to gain the esteem of every one who knew him; and after he had served his time, his master advanced a capital for him to commence business.

He retired to his closet, with a heart glowing with gratitude to his Maker for His goodness, and there solemnly vowed that he would devote a tenth part of his annual income to the service of God. The first year his donation amounted to ten pounds (fifty dollars), and he continued to give his tenth each year until it amounted to ten thousand, five hundred dollars.

He then thought that a great sum of money to give, and that he need not be so particular as to the exact amount; that year he lost a ship and cargo to the value of seventy-five thousand dollars by a storm!

This caused him to repent, and he again commenced to give his tenth; he was more successful every year, and at length retired. He then continued on until at length he became acquainted with a party of worldly, speculative men, who by degrees drew him aside from God; he discontinued his donations to embark in speculation; lost everything and became almost as poor as when he first arrived in London as an errand boy.—*English Paper.*

IN PUBLIC CONVEYANCES.

In public conveyances, well-bred people carry on their private conversation in low tones, that no one may be obliged to hear it who does not wish to do so. A party of young ladies who enter a railway car laughing and talking loudly, exchanging jests with young men on the platform, telling every one where they are going, and alluding in mysterious ways to good times which they have had together, are displaying very bad manners, whether they know it or not. The bad taste shown by certain school-girls, who call each other by their surnames, as Smith, Taylor, Kendrick, &c., instead of prefixing a Miss or using the familiar titles, Clara, Mary, Matilda, &c., is very reprehensible.

There are many things which women cannot do, and which they ought never to attempt. But they can and do give the tone to manners in whatever society they are thrown. The social tone will not rise higher than woman is willing to let it. Girls, remember your responsibility here. If you desire to be treated with courtesy and deference, you must so bear yourself as to be entitled to them—so, indeed, as to compel them from the rude and the thoughtless. Young gentlemen may amuse themselves for an hour or two with gay girls, who forget to be ladies, but they feel for such neither respect nor true friendship.—*Christian at Work.*

TELLING one's experience may be a most effective means of doing good, as it was in the case of the woman of Samaria; but, like hers, our experience should exalt, not ourselves, but our Saviour. We hear altogether too much of the "see what a sinner I was," and too little of the "see what a Saviour I have!" Indeed, a riper Christian will be apt to say, "see what a Saviour has me!"—*Evangelical Messenger.*

Question Corner.—No. 21.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

241. What was the first miracle performed by Christ?
242. By whom and of whom was it said, "He must increase, but I must decrease"?
243. In what city was Christ teaching when the roof of the house he was in was broken and a man sick of the palsy was let down to be healed by him?
244. By what other name was the disciple Matthew known?
245. What people prayed Jesus to depart out of their country?
246. How were the children of Israel guided in their journey through the wilderness?
247. Who succeeded Moses as leader of the children of Israel?
248. Who is the Captain of our Salvation, and where is he so called?
249. What eloquent orator was instructed by two tent-makers?
250. What relation was Ruth to David?
251. What is the meaning of "Beersheba" and by whom was it so named?
252. Who sat under a palm tree to judge Israel?

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

Who, heedless of warning, by a faithful wife,
Condemned to death the Lord of light and life?
Who on a gallows was uplifted high,
And justly for his crimes condemned to die!
Whose by a father's hand on altar laid,
A type of Him whose blood our ransom paid?
For whom did Abraham plead and plead again,
That God in mercy would His wrath restrain.
And saved his nephew from the dreadful doom
Which sank two cities in a fiery tomb?
Who to an idol would not bow the knee,
Regardless of the cruel king's decree?
And who, though facing a dreadful death, would dare
Undaunted bow to the true God in prayer?
Mother and grandmother who, with sweet accord,
Their children trained to love and serve the Lord?
Two cruel kings, who issued a decree
To slaughter children in their infancy?
One of the Old Testament, one of the New,
For selfish ends this fiendish scheme pursue.
What prophet wrote in sweet melodious strain
The coming glories of Messiah's reign?
The name of Him in whom it is confessed,
Shall all the nations of the earth be blest?

These initials form the name of a city in which was a church more highly commended than any of her seven sister churches, and which remains to this day, while the others have fallen to decay.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 19

217. Three, Lot and his two daughters. Gen. xix. 15, 16.
218. On mount Moriah. Gen. xxii. 2.
219. The temple by Solomon, 2 Chron. iii. 1.
220. In Hebron and was buried in the Cave of Machpelah, Gen. xxiii. 2, 19.
221. To Rachel near Bethlehem, Gen. xxxv. 19.
222. In Philippi, Acts xvi. 9, 12.
223. A vision, Acts xvi. 9, 12.
224. Silas, Acts xv. 40.
225. Rehoboam, 2 Chron. x. 18, 19.
226. Seven years and six months, 2 Sam. ii. 11.
227. In battle with the Philistines upon mount Gilboa, 1 Sam. xxxi. 1, 6.
228. By the men of Jabesh-gilead, 1 Sam. xxxi. 11, 13.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 19.—Ada L. Potts, 12; Mary Jane Brown 11; Edward & Craig, 11; Cora M. McIntire, 11; F. W. Kerr, 10; William C. Wickham, 8;

To No. 18.—Maggie Sutherland, 12 on; Herbert Davidson, 12; Cora M. McIntire, 12; John Leask, 12; Julia Smith, 11; Louisa J. Hensley, 11; William C. Wickham, 10; Archie McDonald, 9.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1880, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday School Union.)

LESSON VI.

Nov. 7.] JOSEPH IN PRISON. Gen. 39: 21-23; 40: 1-8.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 21-23.

21. But the Lord was with Joseph, and shewed him mercy, and gave him favor in the sight of the keeper of the prison.

22. And the keeper of the prison committed to Joseph's hand all the prisoners that were in the prison; and whatsoever they did there, he was the doer of it.

23. The keeper of the prison looked not to any thing that was under his hand; because the Lord was with him, and that which he did, the Lord made it to prosper.

XL.

1. And it came to pass after these things, that the butler of the king of Egypt and his baker had offended their lord the king of Egypt.

2. And Pharaoh was wroth against two of his officers, against the chief of the butlers, and against the chief of the bakers.

3. And he put them in ward in the house of the captain of the guard, into the prison, the place where Joseph was bound.

4. And the captain of the guard charged Joseph with them, and he served them: and they continued a season in ward.

5. And they dreamed a dream both of them, each man his dream in one night, each man according to the interpretation of his dream, the butler and the baker of the king of Egypt, which were bound in the prison.

6. And Joseph came in unto them in the morning, and looked upon them, and, behold, they were sad.

7. And he asked Pharaoh's officers that were with him in the ward of his lord's house, saying, Wherefore look ye so sadly to-day?

8. And they said unto him, We have dreamed a dream, and there is no interpreter of it. And Joseph said unto them, Do not interpretations belong to God? tell me them, I pray you.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him.—Ps. 37: 7

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Divine providence vindicates the faithful.

NOTES.—BUTLER, the same as *suky* among the Arabians and Persians, and signifies a cupbearer.—PRISON, Joseph was probably awaiting his trial; but, as he had charge of the prisoners, he could not have been bound or restrained of his personal liberty; he was in the royal prison.—A SEASON, literally, "days;" how long is uncertain, though it may indicate an entire year, and, as Pharaoh called them to an account on his birthday, Calmet supposes they had offended on the previous birthday, and thus had suffered a year's imprisonment.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE LORD WITH JOSEPH: (II.) JOSEPH AND OTHER PRISONERS.

I. THE LORD WITH JOSEPH.—(12.) SHOWED HIM MERCY, AND GAVE HIM FAVOR, what a change from the house of a prince to the prison! But he becomes the keeper's deputy. (24.) KEEPER LOOKED NOT, Joseph was chief manager in the administration of affairs; his reverse was seldom—not less so was his promotion; THE LORD WAS WITH HIM, this was the secret of his advancement; THE LORD MADE TO PROSPER, the blessing of Him who prospered Joseph is necessary for us.

II. JOSEPH AND OTHER PRISONERS.—(1.) BUTLER, an officer of great influence in Eastern courts (see Notes); BAKER, his chief steward, councillors or companions of the king as well as servants. (2.) PHARAOH, which of the kings, or of what dynasty this Pharaoh was, is not certainly known. (3.) WARD, his confinement; JOSEPH BOUND, where he was a prisoner; he was not personally bound, for he had charge of all the prisoners under the keeper. (4.) A SEASON, some suppose for a year, that is, that they were put in prison on the King's birthday, and came out on the next birthday of the king. (5.) DREAMED, Joseph had been called "t e dreamer." (6.) SAD, because of their dreams. (7.) WHEREFORE . . . SAD, or, "your faces evil." (8.) DO NOT INTERPRETATIONS BELONG TO GOD? that is, a worshipper of the true God should know the meaning of dreams.

GOD Favors the GOOD Even in PRISON.

LESSON VII.

Nov. 14.] JOSEPH, THE WISE RULER. Gen. 41: 41-57.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 46-49.

41. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, See, I have set thee over all the land of Egypt.

42. And Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand and put it on Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck;

43. And he made him to ride in the second chariot which he had; and they cried before him, Bow the knee: and he made him ruler over all the land of Egypt.

44. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, I am Pharaoh, and without thee shall no man lift up his hand or foot in all the land of Egypt.

45. And Pharaoh called Joseph's name Zaphnath-paaneah; and he gave him to wife Asenath the daughter of Potipherah priest of On. And Joseph went out over all the land of Egypt.

46. And Joseph was thirty years old when he stood before Pharaoh king of Egypt. And Joseph went out from the presence of Pharaoh, and went throughout all the land of Egypt.

47. And in the seven plenteous years the earth brought forth by handfuls.

48. And he gathered up all the food of the seven years, which were in the land of Egypt, and laid up the food in the cities: the food of the field, which was round about every city, laid he up in the same.

49. And Joseph gathered corn as the sand of the sea, very much, until he left numbering: for it was without number.

50. And unto Joseph were born two sons before the years of famine came, which Asenath the daughter of Potipherah priest of On bare unto him.

51. And Joseph called the name of the firstborn Manasseh: For God, said he, hath made me forget all my toil, and all my father's house.

52. And the name of the second called he Ephraim: for God hath caused me to be fruitful in the land of my afflictions.

53. And the seven years of plenteousness that were in the land of Egypt, were ended.

54. And the seven years of dearth began to come, according as Joseph had said: and the dearth was in all lands; but in all the land of Egypt there was bread.

55. And when all the land of Egypt was famished, the people cried to Pharaoh for bread: and Pharaoh said unto all the Egyptians, Go unto Joseph; what saith he to you, do.

56. And the famine was over all the face of the earth: and Joseph opened all the storehouses, and sold unto the Egyptians: and the famine waxed sore in the land of Egypt.

57. And all countries came into Egypt to Joseph for to buy corn; because the famine was so sore in all lands.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Seest thou a man diligent in business? he shall stand before kings.—PROV. 22: 29.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Wisdom and honor come from God.

NOTES.—RING, the signet-ring was the special symbol of office and authority. The seal to this day, in the East, is the common mode of attestation, and therefore, when Pharaoh gave Joseph his ring he delegated to him his whole authority.—*Speaker's Commentary.*—ZAPH-NATH-PA-A-NE-AH. The Latin version renders this "Saviour of the world;" while the Syriac, Arabic, and Hebrew interpreters render it "revealer of secrets."—AS-EN-ATH, devoted to Neith, the Egyptian Minerva, or perhaps compounded of two names, Isis and Neith.—ON, Heliopolis and Bethshemesh, city of the sun; stood on the east bank of the Nile, a few miles north of Memphis, and was famous for the worship of the god of the sun, and for the learning and wisdom of its priests. There were several obelisks at that place; one of which now stands in London, on the embankment of the Thames.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) JOSEPH PROMOTED. (II.) THE FAMINE.

I. JOSEPH PROMOTED.—(41-45.) PHARAOH SAID, this was before the formal appointment of Joseph, and preliminary to it; his RING, see Notes; this was held by the grand vizier or prime minister of the KING, the white byssus-robe worn by priests and persons of rank; GOLD CHAIN, a gold necklace; SECOND CHARIOT, next in rank to the king's chariot; I AM PHARAOH, that is, I reserve my royal dignity and position; you shall be ruler over all except me.

II. THE FAMINE.—(53-57.) PLENTEOUSNESS... ENDED, in seven years, as Joseph had predicted; SEVEN YEARS OF DEARTH, of famine; ALL LANDS, that is, all adjacent to Egypt; FAMISHED, their private stores exhausted; SOLD, he had probably bought the food in years of plenty; FAMINE WAXED SORE, from its continuance year after year; ALL COUNTRIES, see v. 51.

1881.

Nine years ago the united circulations of the WITNESS Publications was 35,000, made up as follows:—DAILY WITNESS, 11,000; WEEKLY WITNESS, 7,000; TRI-WEEKLY WITNESS, 3,000; NORTHERN MESSENGER 14,000. At the present time the circulations are:—DAILY WITNESS, 12,969; WEEKLY WITNESS, 28,500; NORTHERN MESSENGER, 50,900; L'AURORE, 900, making, in all, 102,269, an increase in nine years exclusive of L'AURORE, of 66,369, or more than 7,300 a year, the present year's increase exceeding ten thousand. We expect even greater things during the coming year, more especially as regards the NORTHERN MESSENGER and the WEEKLY WITNESS.

To this end we, after much difficulty, have secured a premium picture, which we believe will give universal satisfaction. It is entitled,

CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM.

This magnificent picture is on a sheet 22x 28 inches, while the engraving itself is 14 x 20 inches. In the central figure, the Saviour, is concentrated the interest of the whole composition. He is calmly descending the high stone steps of the magnificent building where his mock trial was held before Pontius Pilate, the Roman Governor of Judea. In His face patience, dignity and love all are combined, while His robe, perfectly white, and bathed, as it were, in the central light, typifies the purity of His character. The great multitude which crowd the stone steps are separated by the Roman soldiers to let Him pass down to where His cross awaits Him, held aloft by the executioners, one of whom carries the implements of his cruel trade. Close beside the cross is His mother, fainting in the arms of another of the three Marys, who follow Him to the last. Roman soldiers of every race—strong sturdy men, with stolid faces, without one visible mark of feeling about them, drive back the crowd, and what a gathering! Scores of excited faces, so life-like that we fancy we see them move. Clenched fists are throne out at the Saviour; some of the rabble are mocking Him, and others are shouting—we almost hear the words—"Crucify Him, crucify Him." Closely following Jesus are the High Priest and other members of the Sanhedrim, with faces full of scorn, pride and hatred. All is life-like, all vigorous. Each face is a study in itself, and the whole harmonious conception so grand, so powerful, that those who see it must realize as they never did before, the great central event of the world's history, of which this representation—a faint representation after all—is but a part. The picture is a grand study, and well worthy many hours of attention. Each time it is looked at new beauties are seen. It can never grow old, and its educating and refining effect must be very important.

HOW TO OBTAIN THE PICTURE.

This picture may be obtained by our subscribers as follows, and, as far as we are aware, can be had from no other source under a cost of from $30 to $100.

I.—All persons now subscribing to the WEEKLY WITNESS are entitled to a copy of the celebrated picture of "Christ Leaving the Prætorium," on sending us $1.10 as a renewal of their own subscription, and $1.10 for the subscription of a person not now a subscriber, and, in addition, a copy of the picture will be sent to the new subscriber. In other words we will sent two copies of the WEEKLY WITNESS for a year, and two copies of the picture to any person sending us $2.20 or $1.10 each, when one subscription is that of an old subscriber, and the other that of a new one.

II.—Any person subscribing to the WEEKLY WITNESS, whether renewing his subscription or taking the paper for the first time, can have a copy of the paper for one year, and in addition a copy of the picture of "Christ Leaving the Prætorium," by sending us $1.35, or 25 cents in addition to the price of the paper alone.

WARNING.—It must be distinctly understood that by persons not now subscribers to the WITNESS are meant those who do not now take the paper, and in whose household it is not taken. The mere changing of name does not constitute a new subscriber.

TO PRIZE WORKERS.

A copy of this picture is also offered as a prize to any reader of the MESSENGER who sends us five new subscribers at 30 cents each.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

We have already sent a few copies of this picture out, and they have been received with unqualified approval, for which we have not room in this issue.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS IN UNITED STATES.

Our subscribers throughout the United States who cannot procure the International Post Office orders at their Post Office, can get instead a Post Office order, payable at Rouse's Point, N.Y., which will prevent much inconvenience both to ourselves and subscribers.

NOTICE.

Subscribers to this paper will find the date their subscription terminates printed after the name. Those whose subscriptions expire at the end of the present month will please have the remittances mailed in time.

ANY PERSON INTERESTED IN Manitoba would do well to buy a copy of "The Letters of Rusticus," with maps, for sale at the MESSENGER Office; 82 pages, price 30 cents. John Dougall & Son, Montreal, Q.

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hallowed be thy name thy kingdom
COME
Thy will be done on earth
AS IT IS IN HEAVEN
Give us this day our daily bread forgive us
our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us
lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil
For thine is the kingdom
and the power
and the glory
for ever
Amen

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